SLOGANS OF SUCCESS Wasen Conklin.

IPE to very much like a garden. You have to plant to get a crop went of attention begots words.

N serving out a successful career, the builte of results, to be hept of must constantly be ground on olistone of industry.

IS men with the loudest volue pr's necessarily present the

PRING fever is an allment seldem contracted by a really busy man. to houn't time to discover the symp-

O some a vacation to a necessary To others it is merely a venue in the courts of

Good Stories Of the Day

Their Longest Run.

66 OUR show was the worst we have ever had here," said the manage: of the Hickville Opera House, as he handed the man-

Opera House, as he banded the manager of the Fly-by-Night company his share of the lox office receipts.

"That's queer," said the manager of the company. "Why, when we played in Chicago, we had the longest run in the history of the city."

"I'm seery," replied the manager of the opera house.

"Borry about what?" demanded the manager of the company.

"Sorry the audience abandoned the chase," replied the manager of the opera house.—Youngstown Telegraph.

Not for the Consulate. THE schoolmaster wanted to know

whether the boys had an understanding of the functions of

"Bupposing," he began, framing his question in the likeliest way to his question in the likeliest way to arouse the interest of his hearers, "supposing some one took you up in an aeroplane, and after a long, exciting flight dropped you down thousands of miles from home, in a country quite foreign, what place would you seek out first of all?"

An eager hand was instantly uplifted.

"Well, Willie, what do you say?"
"Please, sir, the hospital."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Caught.

66 WHAT a pretty hat Mrs. Pin-"Did you like it, dear?" "Yes, it was very becoming. Why

den't you got hate like that?" "You musn't blame me if I laugh, John. The hat you like is my hat. Mrs. Pinkey borrowed it this evening. It's the 430 hat you called a fright."— Cleveland Plain Dealer.

At a Disadvantage.

66 THERE goes another button!" said the man who was standing with his thumb hitched inside his waistband.

"Didn't you know it was loose?" "Of course, I knew it was loose,] knew it was loose just as well as I knew that my hosiery needs a darning, and that I ought to have a lot of needle and thread work done." "Why don't you tell your wife about

"I haven't the heart to worry her. Tou know, she's so sympathetic, she isn't happy unless she's knitting something to send over to Europe. Honestly, sometimes I almost wish I was one of those unhappy Belgiana."

—Washington Star.

A Shame.

66 DIDN'T you see me hold up my hand?" asked the traffic "I must confess that I did," replied

the man who was driving his own car. "Then why didn't you stop?"
"I lost my nerve. I had just spent
three-quarters of an hour getting this
car to start and it seemed a shame
to lose all that work."—Washington

The Test Supreme.

665 JOU say that women haven' the endurance of men?" "They haven't." "That they cannot successfully re-

sist unusual mental strain or physical fatigue-that they lack nerve and Patience and endurance?"

"Tes."
"Do you see that little woman over there?"
"Yos."
"You have never known a man who could endure what she has endured."
"En! Why, what is she?"
"She's the reader of the love stories aubmitted to a popular magazine."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



"'S'MATTER, POP!"









FLOOEY AND AXEL-To Be Honest, You'll Have to Admit That Flooey Was Entirely Justified!

By Vic



BUT YOU'LL

BE GLAD TO

HEAR THIS. I

KNOW!

THE MARRYING OF MARY—It Looks as Though We'll Hear Those Wedding Bells at Last!

THAT'S

AINT A BIT

YOUNG FELLER-1

INTRESTED IN IT,

DON'T WANNA KNOW

ANYTHING BOUT IT-

YOU'VE DELAYED GITTIN'
MARRIED LONG ENOUGH
AN' IM GOIN' T' BREAK
YER ENGAGEMENT

CONGRATULATIONS, NO FOLKS I DIONT BILLY-ITS HAVE THE SLIGHTEST FINE! IDEA THAT OLD UNCLE AMES WOULD LEAVE ME \$100,000! MILLYUM By Thornton Fisher AINT IT JES'



ADRIFT IN THE ARCTIC-Part Four-The Polar Bear.

Coppelgid, 1815, Press Publishing Co. (N. Y. Svening World.)

LOOK, MR.

YOU!

TIBBETS-JUST

AT THIS WILL

THE EVENING WORLD'S "MOVIE STORY" COMPLETE EACH WEEK Illustrated by FERD Q. LONG—All Rights Reserved

By A. S. Howard

Fortunately the kyack has overturned not far from shore and Jack, though thoroughly chilled by the icy water, escapes, but loses his rifle. Vigorously he runs back and forth on the shore to avoid being frozen in his wet garments.

WAL DON'T GIT

EXCITED-IM GLAD

YA . WILLYUM!

YA COME IN FER

SERIOUS TALK WITH

He sees the Siren crush her way through the ice floe into the open water beyond and steam away. That Rawson, claiming Jack had attempted his life, has bought his crew's silence with gold Jack does not know. The exercise brings the warmth back in Jack's body and partially dries his clothes. The kyack has roused a hope of finding an Eskimo settlement nearby, and he determines to search for it as a "last hope."

Further along the coast is a small glacier, and toward this Jack makes his way, hoping, from the elevation of rising ground beyond, to see somewhere signs of Eskimo habitation.

As he gains the glacier's edge a huge polar bear comes into view, and, seeing Jack, rushes lumberingly toward him. His rifle gone, he is without means of defense and escape seems impossible.—Continued to-morrow.











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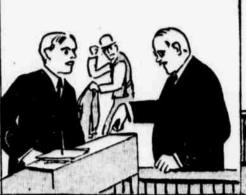
EVENING WORLD. 63 Park Row, New York City.



Through a friend I obtained a position as errand boy in an embroidery concern. I was supposed to be on the job at 8.15 A. M. to help the shipping clerk the place, but by the time that hour arrived each day I already had finished the sweeping.



I offeyed every order, carried fundles and sales-men's sample cases and never complained when the work was heavy. In leisure moments I practised tak-ing down entries that were being called off by the entry clerk. I did not know that my practise was being observed.



A "SUCCESS MOVIE" Series of TRUE STORIES of ADVANCEMENT—Hustrated by WILL B. JOHNSTONE.

But five months later the bill clerk was discharged and I was given his place, with my salary increased from six dollars to nine. Eight months later the entry clerk left to go in business for himself and the firm ad-



Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

One of the officers of the concern suggested that I be given a trial at the job. During my trial I took pains to do neat and rapid work, and at the end of the week I received fifteen dollars in my pay envelope and was told I could keep the job permanently



By Harry Loonan

In fourteen months I had won promotion from errand boy to entry clerk and an increase in salary from six to lifteen dollars a week because I had taken palma always to do my work right—and to do more than a had to do.—Another slory to-morrow.